THE New Republic

Alexander Kendrick: Fishing for Germany with Austrian Bait

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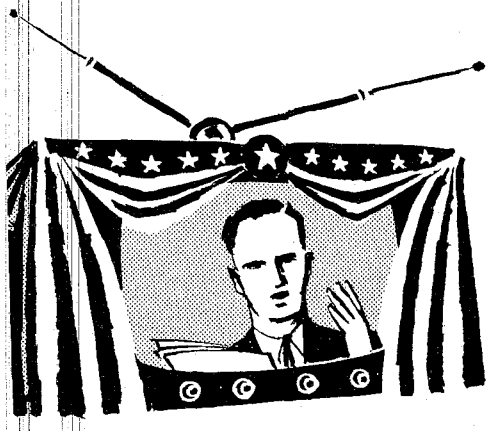

TELEVISION AND POLITICS—1

From Glad Hand to Grease Paint

Mendele's Misfortune . . . . . *Irving Howe*
New Start in Asia . . . . . *Haldore Hanson*
Maturity in the Novel . . . . . *Leslie Fiedler*

Gerald W. Johnson Tells Robert M. Hutchins:

Don't Blame the Editors!

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

We are in the midst of a double-barrelled Communist peace offensive, in Europe and Asia, and whether it is a crafty propaganda move or the real thing nobody can yet tell. Soviet Premier Bulganin says he is ready for a great power consultation on Europe; Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, at Bandung, says he is ready for "peaceful means" to settle the Formosa dispute. The Republican Administration has a good deal more freedom of action for negotiation than the Democrats—a major, though ironic, result of the 1952 election. Now is the time to use it. A cautious but positive response is indicated.

We get the idea, however, that these fast-moving events worry the State Department which must keep its eye on the Knowland right-wing. It was Sen. Walter George (D, Ga.) who first told a "Meet the Press" audience, March 20, that it was time for a top level Big Four conference. The State Department trailed along.

Again on the Quemoy-Matsu issue Adlai Stevenson took the initiative. He proposed international guarantee of Formosa, followed by withdrawal from the coastal islands. The best Dulles could do on this was to say that he had been thinking along these lines all the time and to sneer that Stevenson had "endorsed the main features" of the Administration policy. This Dulles avowal nonplussed our European allies who thus learned of the State Department's alleged commitment for the first time.

The State Department promptly threw a roadblock of conditions in front of the proposed Chou En-lai conference. It was odd to see the old pattern repeating itself a third time: Senator George told the American Society of Newspaper Editors convention here that he thought "this nation should be big enough and strong enough" to accept the invitation. The driving force in this latest development, we suspect, will still come from outside the Administration.

Perhaps we are unfair. We confess that we have a partiality for Secretaries of State like Dean Acheson who follow a simple personal code (which would not let him "turn his back" on Alger Hiss) to Dulles, who seems to take pride in being supple and devious. Dulles could turn his back on Edward Corsi, "an old friend," without any compunction whatsoever. Dulles' intricate behavior in leaking the Yalta documents seems to indicate a man who sees himself as a sort of unctuous Foxy Grandpa, absorbed in his own slickness. Does he approach America's diplomatic problems in the same mood? There is some evidence that he has made the British Foreign Office and Sir Anthony Eden uncomfortable in times past by his oblique maneuvers.

Harry Truman came into Washington briefly for the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner bringing the two-party system with him, and apparently taking it back again with him when he left. A lot of Southern conservative Democrats don't want to attack the Administration; they are happier under it than under a liberal Democrat. It was odd to be reminded suddenly by Truman's friendly informality and outspoken comments of the lugubrious spell that has settled on this city with a coalition government and a one-party press. It did not used to be this way; in the old days a President spoke out about somebody like McCarthy, the White House had a say when one department called Wolf Ladejinsky a security risk and another department hired him, the Administration rose to defend an employee like Edward Corsi when he was attacked. The White House then was the place where you looked for moral leadership on such items.

"I have got tired long ago," observed Truman, "of some mealy-mouthed Senators who kiss Ike on both cheeks."

It is our simple thought that the nation is safer with stout criticism going on in Washington and with the two-party system in full operation. Criticism may be unfair. But it is not that which frightens us; it is the "papa-knows-best" attitude. We were pleased that the national journalistic fraternity honored Clark Mollenhoff, the persistent *Des Moines Register* correspondent who kept asking Ike about the Ladejinsky case. Ike was manifestly irritated, and some reporters felt that it was impertinent to press the President when he obviously wanted to duck an ethical issue. But Mollenhoff got the award. And Robert Hutchins, former President of the Fund for the Republic, gave a stinging speech to the editors' convention: The press won't criticize itself, he observed, and in 94 percent of American cities there are no competing newspapers. "Of course we have a one-party press in this country, and we shall have one as long as the press is big business, and as long as people with money . . . feel safer on the Republican side."

The United States has spent billions in direct subsidies to Europe and the Orient to put desperate nations on their economic feet. Now comes the next great decision: how far will these revived nations be allowed to sell their products to the United States? We have generously rebuilt their factories, but will we now let these factories sell their products to America over our tariff? That is the real issue in HR 1, the bill to extend the Reciprocal Trade Act for three years and to widen the President's power to cut tariff rates. This is the supreme 1956 test of trade-not-aid. HR 1 is in bad trouble.

Eisenhower finally made a rather tepid speech for it in New York City on Monday. The bill just squeaked through the House with Sam Rayburn's aid, and destructive amendments are already being tied to it in the Senate Finance Committee. Right up to the last the Administration could not be persuaded that this major piece of economic legislation at this session faced emasculation unless Ike spoke and lobbied for it. As late as April 6 a dispatch to the *New York Times* quoted "White House sources" as foreseeing certain victory, an optimism contrary to all the evidence.

Negro Rep. Adam Powell (D, N.Y.) did more than anyone else at the Bandung conference, representing more than half the world's population, to persuade delegates of America's decency in racial relations; now when he comes home he must sit in the rear of buses if he travels in the South, can't stay at certain hotels, or eat in many restaurants.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Chinese Communist Invitation To Talk

"THE MOST important conference of the century," was a high UN official's comment on the 29-nation African-Asian meeting at Bandung. But in the view of Secretary Dulles, it was also the most dangerous conference of the century. In articles before and during the conference, the American press echoed the Administration's fear and its attitude of wishful thinking that the conference would fail.

Almost alone in the press, the *New Republic* predicted that the Bandung conference would demonstrate an unexpected degree of harmony among the nations of Asia and their will to reach agreement. This seems to have been confirmed. The final communique of the conference records a unanimity of opinion on the broadest range of subjects. The unanimity was achieved not by avoiding real issues but by the willingness of all sides to be patient and moderate in presenting their claims.

There was nothing in the conference communique of Peking's claim to China's seat in the UN, nor was any mention made of Communist objection to a conference condemnation of all forms of colonial rule. A ringing endorsement was given the UN's principles of human rights; opposition to nuclear rearmament and warfare was expressed in terms that most Westerners will support. Most important of all, a political barrier to Chinese Communist expansion in Southeast Asia was raised in the form of the concluding resolutions of the communique which pledged all signatories to refrain from intervention in the internal affairs of other countries and which sanctioned the right of any nation to defend itself "singularly or collectively in conformity with the charter of the United Nations."

The relationship of colored and white peoples was presented in constructive terms. The conference recognized the right of Asian and African nations to participate in common agreement with the West.

Larger consideration was demanded for Asia by the US-led International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. The new-found Asian solidarity of Bandung was summarized in these words: "True to the age-old tradition of tolerance and universality, the conference believed that Asian and African cultural co-operation should be developed in the larger context of world co-operation.

"Side by side with the development of Asian-African cultural co-operation, the countries of Asia and Africa desire to develop cultural contacts with others. This would enrich their own culture and would also help in the promotion of world peace and understanding."

Thus the Bandung conference has apparently exceeded the fondest hopes of its chief sponsor, Prime Minister Nehru, for Nehru was obviously fearful that free debate would lead to breakdown at Bandung. Accordingly, as the conference opened, Nehru attempted to ban all discussion of controversial issues. He was overruled and free debate followed. As he lost control of the conference, Nehru evidently also lost control of himself. He insulted the Prime Ministers of Pakistan and Ceylon, spoke directly of "a United Nations mentality," went very far in justifying Chinese Communism and reserved his full hatred for "the camp followers" of the West. It was perhaps the arrogance of Nehru rather than the unacceptability of his views that led to the important anti-Communist speech of Sir John Kotelawala of Ceylon which shifted the spirit of the conference toward co-operation with the West.

But admirable as were the speeches of Kotelawala and others, the success of the conference is attributable primarily to the Chinese Communist Premier Chou En-lai. Chou presented to Bandung the picture of a pacific and moderate nation that this journal predicted he would. And while the American press has claimed that the pro-Western speeches at the conference forced a shift in Chou's strategy, it seems more probable that this was his strategy from the start. Not only in his own appearances but in the background meetings between his subordinates and those of other states, Chou achieved what he wanted at Bandung—freedom to maneuver within Asia.

In a speech applauded by all sides, Chou proposed direct talks with the United States to relieve tension in the Pacific. He carefully extended the area in question beyond the Formosa Straits in order perhaps to absolve the United States of its obligation to insist that representatives of Nationalist China be present at any discussion concerning their own future. But Mr. Dulles responded at once that no talks would be held without the Nationalists, and with equal promptness the Nationalists added, of course, that they would not sit down and talk with the Communist Chinese. Thus

"Look—why not take a penalty stroke and get back on the fairway?"

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in his inept and intransigent way, Mr. Dulles demonstrated that he had learned little or nothing from the Bandung meeting, for while it seems improbable that direct negotiations can lead to a formal cease-fire signed by both parties in the Chinese civil war, it is the urgent conviction of most of the free world that negotiations are a necessary and possible alternative to war.

The possible value of talks with Chou were underscored when, in Moscow, Premier Bulganin indicated with some nervousness that he was still waiting to hear when the United States might call a Big Four meeting. It seems quite possible that Peking and Moscow are working at cross purposes in endeavoring to be the first to negotiate directly with the United States. There is at least some reason to believe that the United States should respond to these overtures to determine whether concessions can now be gained and tensions lessened. But Mr. Dulles, as always, seems to be thinking primarily in terms not of overseas opinion but of domestic pressures from the extremists within his own party.

Constitutional Issues in the Peters Case

CRITICS of government procedures in "loyalty" cases are hoping that the case of Dr. John Peters, now pending decision before the Supreme Court, will bring forth a reappraisal of previous opinions under the benign influence of a new Chief Justice.

Dr. Peters, senior professor of medicine at Yale University, is appealing his dismissal as a part-time consultant to Secretary of Welfare Oveta Culp Hobby for "reasonable doubt" as to his loyalty. Dr. Peters has denied the charges. Twice in 1949 Welfare Department loyalty boards cleared him; then in May, 1953, the top Loyalty Review Board, acting under Presidential orders to conduct a "post audit" of certain cases, ordered his dismissal. Dr. Peters' accusers were never identified either to him or to the Loyalty Review Board itself.

Former Judge Thurman Arnold, chief counsel for Dr. Peters, and his associate, Paul Porter, made their oral arguments before the Supreme Court on the broadest grounds: that dismissal for disloyalty and insecurity constitutes punishment, and that punishment cannot be inflicted without granting the accused the right to due process of law. In this instance, Mr. Arnold contends that due process includes the right to confront one's accusers.

Assistant Attorney General Warren Burger, representing the government in the hearing, took the position that there is no constitutional right to confrontation in strictly administrative procedures, as distinguished from judicial proceedings. And beyond that, in the Peters case, Mr. Burger argued, the proceedings before the Loyalty Review Board in fact constituted due process.

The Court, by their questions, showed unusual interest in the arguments on both sides. The most vocal questioners seemed largely to accept the argument that Dr. Peters was denied due process when dismissed without knowing who his accusers were. Nevertheless, courtroom listeners found it hard to foretell what kind of opinion the Court will finally render: one which will consider the broad question of loyalty proceedings or one which confines itself to whether Dr. Peters suffered any wrong, and if so what redress can be given him without challenging the whole system.

Justice Frankfurter's questions indicated that he favors the second way, in accordance with his general conviction that the Supreme Court should pass on constitutional questions only where necessary. Frankfurter emphasized that in his opinion the Loyalty Review Board acted beyond its authorized power in ordering Dr. Peters fired instead of sending the case back to his Departmental loyalty board. An opinion setting aside Dr. Peters' dismissal on this limited ground would probably find favor with a large part of the Court, judging from attitudes revealed in the hearings. On the other hand, government lawyers appeared anxious to have the Court uphold the basic principles of its secret informer system. And several members of the Court raised very large points of principle in the course of questioning. Justice Black renewed his claim that the loyalty program denies federal employees their constitutional guarantees under the First Amendment. The new Justice Harlan, in a series of discerning questions, indicated the belief that once the government institutes a quasi-judicial system, as it has in loyalty cases, it must in fact go all the way in providing due process procedures.

Most penetrating of all was the line of questioning followed by Justice Warren. The Chief Justice sharply challenged the government contention that dismissal for disloyalty was not punishment "in the constitutional sense," and seemed unimpressed by the government claim that the Loyalty Review Board hearing afforded Dr. Peters was due process enough. Those who observed Justice Warren in action during the argument of Dr. Peters' appeal got the impression that his influence will be on the side of deciding the large constitutional issues which the Court is being urged to consider in this case.

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Michael Straight, *Editor*
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Helen Fuller, *Managing Editor*
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Eric Bentley, *Theatre Critic*
Delmore Schwartz, *Poetry Editor*

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Consumer on His Own

"LET THE BUYER BEWARE" was the sharp warning to American housewives brought out in a Senate Appropriations Subcommittee meeting last week. It was timely advice to anyone considering future purchase of a new stove, refrigerator, washing machine or even clothing and household textiles. It followed a recent order by Byron T. Shaw, Director of the Agriculture Department's Research Service, which virtually eliminates home economics from the Department's basic research program.

Among other things, Shaw's order, Rep. Martha Griffiths (D, Mich.) told the subcommittee, will end many services to homemakers. There will be no more research on appliances and equipment to determine the best buy for the money, the design and construction best suited for individual needs, and the problem of maintenance. Research will end too on the best ways of cleaning and reconditioning clothing and household textiles. The popular bulletins which grew out of such laboratory work will be discontinued.

Dr. Shaw explained that the drastic cut in funds for home economics was merely a "shift in emphasis." The shift is to research on the marketing and processing of food, a service that will primarily benefit businessmen, rather than consumers.

Dr. Shaw believes that research on home appliances can be done by private industry, a belief that Sen. Wayne Morse (D, Ore.) does not share. "I do not accept the assumption," Senator Morse wrote the subcommittee, "that the very companies competing for part of the household equipment and appliance market can objectively determine the relative merits of their competing products."

He went on to suggest that one reason for the new policy "might be that government research has been too well done to suit those whose philosophy has always been—let the buyer beware."

Dixon-Yates Revisited

THE DIXON-YATES contract has had more checks than an applicant for a job with the State Department. And now Democratic members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy are talking about a new series of investigations into Ebasco Services, Inc., the New York firm approved by the Atomic Energy Commission as engineer and contractor for the Arkansas power plant Dixon-Yates is building to supply privately generated power to the Tennessee Valley Authority. In approving Ebasco, the AEC overruled a strong objection by recently appointed Comptroller General Joseph Campbell, himself a former AEC Commissioner. His objection was based on the AEC's previous experience with Ebasco, which served as engineer and manager for another power plant at Joppa, Ill. The Joppa plant cost the government $51 million more than estimated, and Comptroller General Campbell wanted a guarantee that the same thing wouldn't happen a second time in Arkansas.

Ebasco was created a quarter of a century ago. The creator was the Electric Bond and Share Company; the inspiration was a Federal Trade Commission investigation into holding companies which prodded the Congress to anti-trust action. Electric Bond and Share, compelled to divest itself of affiliates in compliance with the Holding Company Act, set up Ebasco as an engineering firm. Since then Ebasco has had dealings with the old Electric Bond and Share subsidiaries, including those involved first in the Dixon-Yates deal. All of which has made the Senate Judiciary Committee, which first uncovered the whole affair, suspicious that the original holding company is still a lively concern in everything but name.

Bricker and the UN

ONLY TWO members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were on hand to hear Sen. John W. Bricker (R, Ohio) explain once again the right way to go about revising the UN Charter so as to block "the evolution of the UN into a world state." But, fortunately, the Daughters of the American Revolution were holding their 64th Continental Congress in Constitution Hall, and a detachment of bemedaled ladies lent support from the sidelines. To a woman, they shared the Ohio Senator's suspicion of an international body in which "a majority of the 60 delegates represent Communist, socialist, fascist and feudal governments."

The Senator proposes a number of amendments to the Charter, including: a provision denying the UN any power not explicitly granted it by the Charter; a provision giving members the right to withdraw; elimination from the preamble of the phrase, "we the people of the United Nations" (since American citizens should not be regarded as citizens of the UN); a statement that human rights are matters of "purely domestic concern"; and the deletion of all articles of the United Nations Charter dealing with enforcement.

Senator Bricker finds two things basically wrong with the UN. First, it is too weak:

> It is the height of folly to rely on the divided counsels of the UN either to punish the Communist aggressors which it seeks to admit to the family.

Second, it may become too strong:

> Many influential organizations and individuals contend that the United Nations should be given the authority of a world government. . . .

This is a handy dilemma. It permits one to sneer at the Secretary General's efforts in behalf of the American airmen as mere gestures while simultaneously condemning him for taking too much power unto himself.

Senator Bricker's attempt to abolish the UN's enforcement powers does not seem to be winning as much support in Congress as did his attempt last year to restrict the President's treaty-making powers. In his testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee, Herbert Hoover Jr. disappointed the anti-UN bloc by praising the world organization as having had more success and shown more "vitality" than the League of Nations.

Meanwhile, partisans of the old Bricker Amendment, aided by Clarence Manion and his newly organized "Committee for the Preservation of State and Local Government," have been busy in Texas. They steered a resolution through the Texas legislature calling for the rewriting of Article V of the US Constitution so as to permit any 12 states to call a constitutional convention without consulting Congress—a resolution designed to ease adoption of the Bricker Amendment. The plan is to try the Texas approach wherever state legislatures meet this year.

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The Superficial Aspect

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS, a dovecote-flutterer with few equals and no superior currently in practice, operated with conspicuous success at the recent meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington. He told the assembled scribes that "most of you have watched the erosion of freedom without a twinge," and sardonically complimented them because, after the demagogue had been checked, "you gallantly led the troops from the rear in a belated attack on Senator McCarthy."

Well, an occasional dressing-down is probably good for the editors' souls, but a neutral bystander cannot escape the impression that Mr. Hutchins was denouncing Guiteau for the assassination of Lincoln, when everybody knows that it wasn't Lincoln he shot. An impartial jury might convict the editors of various high crimes and misdemeanors, but I doubt that the philosophy of liberalism was one of their victims; the conditions of the industry had liquidated it without the advice or consent of the editors.

It seems to me that Mr. Hutchins somewhat unfairly ignored the quandary of the editors. It is this: how can the editor of a big-city newspaper be at once politically liberal and financially honest?

Consider his position. He is practically never the owner of the property he controls, but he is its custodian. The paper usually represents an investment of many millions of other people's money, and a conscientious agent is not going to take chances with other people's money, even in circumstances under which he might gamble his own.

To take any vigorous and forthright position is dangerous; the late Robert R. McCormick ran hair-raising risks with his *Chicago Tribune* in arguing for his troglodytic political ideas. True, he got away with it, just as the original Joseph Pulitzer got away with arguing for enlightenment in the *New York World*. But both McCormick and Pulitzer owned control of their papers; it is doubtful that either would have been half as bold had he been merely a hired hand responsible to 50 or 500 stockholders.

To put an honest man in charge of $10 million or $20 million or $50 million worth of highly perishable property belonging to other people and then expect him to lash out boldly in defense of what is right but unpopular is to subject human nature to an unbearable strain. The more honest the man the more keenly he feels his responsibility to his stockholders, and that responsibility drives him to play safe. Espousing unpopular men and causes is anything but safe; an editor willing to accept the personal risk may yet recoil because the financial risk falls, not upon him, but upon the owners of his newspaper.

This goes far to explain the namby-pamby quality of much newspaper editorial writing. It is not expressing and is not intended to express the opinion of a Horace Greeley or a Henry Watterson; it is expressing the opinion of $15 million and $15 million have only one opinion, which is that this is an extremely dangerous world in which caution is the basic virtue to which all others are ancillary.

It is a logically defensible position, but the most brilliant editorial writer can't make it interesting; so editorials are ignored. Yet I doubt that the intellectual level of the craft has declined since Dana and Frank Cobb; I am persuaded that we have now working newspapermen who for breadth of outlook, grace of expression, and personal courage compare favorably with any of the old Titans. But Orpheus himself could not have made music raise the towers of Troy had his repertoire been confined to a single bass solo, and that one:

> Sailor, beware!
> Sailor, take care!
> Danger is near thee, beware, then beware!

The hollow, sepulchral tone of editorial comment on public affairs for a quarter of a century has been noted with bewilderment by every alien observer of American events. For the past 15 years especially, the country has obviously been flourishing beyond all precedent, flourishing prodigiously, yet "Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory hath departed!" has been the constant refrain of a majority of the press throughout those years.

OBSERVERS would be less amazed did they realize that the voice of the press, especially the big-city press, is the voice, not of trained, independent thinkers, but of big money. It is doleful because doom perpetually hangs over big money, seeing that riches take unto themselves wings; and it has been ineffective for 20 years because its monotony shows its divorce from reality.

But Mr. Hutchins is wrong in implying that tarrying by the Wailing Wall is the deliberate choice of the editors, many of whom are really blithe fellows. It is their position as hirelings of great corporations, not their personal conviction that all is lost, especially honor, that restricts their habitual utterance to moanin' low.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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From Glad Hand to Grease Paint

by Walter Goodman

WHEN Congressmen and aspiring Congressmen think of the 1956 elections these days, they think of television. And when they think of television, they think of money. The experimental years of campaign by TV are behind them now: the sharply rising TV-set graphs have been reduced to gentle slopes; in 1956 an estimated 50 million American homes will be TV-equipped and most of the nation's voters will have armchair seats for the conventions and the speeches and the big agency-planned productions. The choice before a candidate is no longer *whether* to use TV, but how to use it and how much of it he can afford.

Men who see eye to eye on as few things as Alexander Wiley (R,Wis.) and Estes Kefauver (D,Tenn.) find themselves saying in almost identical words that TV time costs too much and that something should be done about it. The Senate Elections Subcommittee headed by Sen. Thomas C. Hennings (D,Mo.) has begun hearings on just *what* should be done about it, and as the national conventions approach, enthusiasm in the capital is sure to increase for some action by the Congress or the Federal Communications Commission or the broadcasters themselves to insure that no candidate will go without TV time while his better-financed opponent smiles from every 21-inch screen in town.

This is the first of four articles on the effects of television on political campaigning. Subsequent articles will discuss CANDIDATES AND THE CAMERA, WHO COMES INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM, and THE HIGH COST OF CAMPAIGNING.

The Democratic and Republican generals first flirted with TV in 1948. Only 21 cities, most of them in the Northeast, had stations that November, and there were a meager 700,000 sets in the United States. By 1952 112 channels in 66 cities and 18 million sets from coast to coast were open to the politicians. The coaxial cable and the microwave relay carried aspirants' pictures to four families in ten, and the Radio Corporation of America assured citizens (in full-page advertisements) that "Television has brought their government back to the people!"

Of course Estes Kefauver and Rudolph Halley had already made the acquaintance of the nation by their between-elections starring roles on the most popular daytime TV serial of 1951. Mr. Halley went from sneering at Frank Costello over the Senate Crime Subcommittee table to presiding over the New York City Council. Senator Kefauver aspired higher, and at the Democratic convention the next July was a leading contender for the Presidential nomination.

The National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters paid their respects to the 1952 conventions with $750,000 for special TV facilities and an 18-page brochure of good advice: Delegates were cautioned to wear light blue or gray shirts ("white washes out . . .") and to avoid large-figured ties. Dark blue suits were vetoed for sufferers from dandruff, while those with no hair at all were directed to pat on just a little white face powder. Pancake make-up was recommended to disguise bags under the eyes and heavy beards. "Throw your shoulders back," the NARTB encouraged the sunken-eyed, pasty-faced, stooped-over convention leaders, "and keep your head high and your chin out . . . always keep your back straight." Scheduled speakers were advised to choose a theme in which they sincerely believed: "No

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Who Relied on TV in 1952

	% Watched the Campaign	% Rated TV Most Important Source
Grammar School Graduates	40	25
High School Graduates	63	38
College Graduates	60	28

From *Scientific American*, May, 1953

law compels people to listen to you. You must interest them. If you don't, a flick of the dial will bring them drama, news, comedians, music *or another speaker.*"

A more tangible aid to orators was the TelePrompTer, an invention provided the politicians *gratis* by its promoters. Otherwise known as the "idiot board," this contrivance permits a candidate to appear to be talking from memory while he reads his script off a concealed screen.

Thus armed with professional counsel and technical wonders, the TV-conscious delegates to the Republican convention assembled in Chicago's International Amphitheatre on July 7, while Democratic public-relations specialists huddled before a 17-inch screen in the Conrad Hilton Hotel to take notes on the blunders about to be committed. In addition to these seven spies, some 51 million Americans watched the Taft and Eisenhower factions slug it out for 70 hours, then make up in 60 seconds. The immediate disapproval the viewers registered over the chicanery involved in accrediting the pro-Ike Texas delegation gave rise to predictions that TV would be the making of the direct Presidential primary.

THE Democrats took over the Amphitheatre, alerted to all the Republican boners. They placed cameras in strategic spots; they re-upholstered the speakers' stand and hung slogans from the walls ("Twenty Years of Plenty!"); they moved the traditional platform contingent up to the mezzanine (out of the camera's eye), and built a wire fence around the rostrum to frustrate muggers. They cut the nominating and seconding speeches and even ruled out paid demonstrators from the spontaneous parades. But for all their showmanship, they attracted fewer spectators than the Republicans.

TV-set owners tired quickly of the windy panegyrics that must accompany all Presidential nominations. The endless roll calls have been known to lull delegates themselves to sleep. Cameramen resorted again and again to meaningless long shots of the convention hall, and the interviews thrown in to fill dull periods all began to sound alike after a while. Before the convention was over newsmen were killing time by interviewing one another. People tuned in for the high spots—like the Republican Credentials Committee tangle and the Democrats' fourth-day showdown on the convention floor—then went to the pictures. (Movie receipts picked up noticeably that month.) While "I Love Lucy" regularly earns a Hooper rating of 62 in New York City, the conventions—monopolizing the four network channels—managed to score only a 32 at their best moments and dwindled to a 17 at second best. Westinghouse, Philco and Admiral, which had parted with almost $8 million for the privilege of sponsoring the convention and election-night coverage, were disappointed. The networks (one of which sent a staff of 300 to Chicago) lost more than $2 million providing this public service that quickly began boring the public. Everyone agreed that the 1956 conventions would be less thoroughly covered by the television cameras and that only masochists would feel deprived.

BUT with the convention over, free time ended, and the National Committees of the two parties had to come up with the cash to purchase expensive minutes over America's commercial networks. Theoretically the Hatch Act and the Federal Corrupt Practices Act limit campaign expenditures in Presidential elections to $3 million for each party—not including the contributions of those biennially blooming citizens committees and volunteer groups. A half-hour TV show at a listenable time on a major network costs from $50,000 to $60,000. A 20-second spot announcement costs $600 . . . and this doesn't include the sometimes considerable expense of producing it. It is estimated, modestly that approximately $30 million was spent on the National 1952 campaigns: about one-quarter of this went toward radio and television electioneering

Adlai Stevenson had particular cause to rely on the new medium. He was a relative unknown facing the great war hero. Television offered a quick way of becoming better known, perhaps the only way. As Governor of Illinois, Stevenson had been delivering TV reports to the people of his state every month. He had shown himself to be witty and literate. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the Democrats began reserving TV time in July—$630,000 worth of it. During the first seven weeks of the campaign, Stevenson made 11 network TV appearances to Eisenhower's three. By election day, radio-TV simulcasts had cost the Democratic National Committee alone about $1 million.

The Republicans reserved time too, but were laggard about making actual purchases. After the convention

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they found that all the best spots had been bought up by sponsors . . . which meant that the politicians, although entitled by law to bump the advertisers, would have to reimburse every ousted businessman for the entire cost of his program—plus commissions. In taking over one 45-minute period in October, the Republicans were obliged to pay out $80,000 to the Pabst Brewing Company, and risk alienating voters who preferred their fights in the Garden arena to unrefereed ones.

ALTHOUGH he lacked the Stevenson humor and sparkle, General Eisenhower too employed TV, most intensively in the last 10 days of the campaign, with simple, homely reflections designed to acquaint voters with his personality. He filmed 40 sobering spots, which filled station logs throughout the country:

> HOUSEWIFE: They say I've never had it so good, yet I've had to stop buying eggs and everything expensive.
> IKE: No wonder! You actually pay 100 different taxes on *just one egg*. We must cut costs and taxes.

Both parties tossed aside budget planning for the last two weeks and bought up time as fast as the money came in. The money did not come in fast enough for the Democrats to compete with the Republican flood of 20-second spots. They concentrated instead on scattered 15-minute programs sponsored by local labor and volunteer groups.

The final Republican 10-day TV blitz culminated on election eve with an 11 to 12 p.m. show on all four radio and TV networks. A representative assortment of "little people" appeared to tell why they were voting for Ike.

In a study of the relative success of television in reaching and influencing a selected sample of 1,714 citizens during the 1952 campaign, a University of Michigan group found that:

People went out of their way to watch the campaign over TV. Only 40 percent of the homes in the sample had sets, but 53 percent of the people queried managed to view campaign highlights on somebody's television screen.

Although available to only a minority, TV led the nation as a whole in the number of people who rated it first in influencing their opinions. There were great sectional divergencies of course—attributable to the bunching of channels in the big cities of the Northeast—but country-wide, 59 percent of those citizens who saw some of the campaign over television found it their most informative source. Only 28 percent of those who read newspaper accounts paid a similar tribute to the press.

Only a small proportion of the population in the under-$3000-a-year bracket followed the campaign via TV; not surprisingly, television's biggest audience came from higher paid groups residing in metropolitan areas. The flourishing roof forests of TV antennae in poorer neighborhoods and television's rapid invasion of rural areas promise that 1956 will be different.

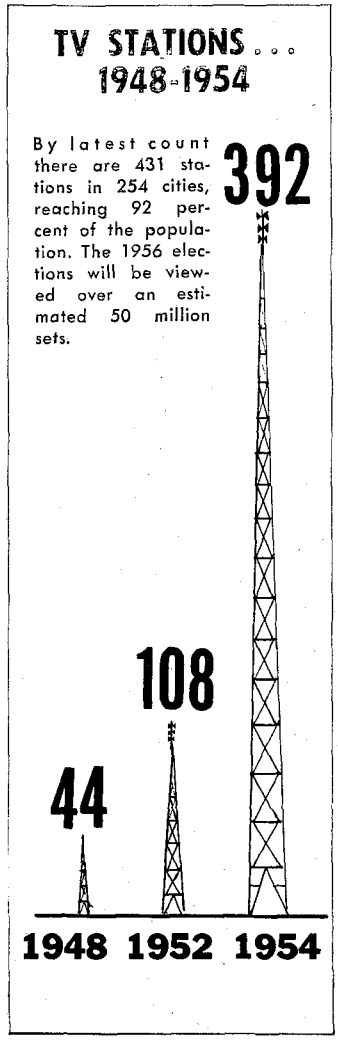
A more significant finding for the future was that college graduates in all wage groups considered TV of less importance than did their economic peers who had stopped at high school.

The dramatic high spot of the '52 campaign was certainly Richard Nixon's recital of homilies on Checkers, Pat's fur coat and the mortgage on his aging parents' home. The immense success of this half-hour—received in an estimated nine million living rooms—was a demonstration of what television can do for a politician and a warning of what a politician can do to television.

The Presidential candidates themselves rarely enticed such large audiences. Stevenson, everyone agreed, was speaking above the heads of most citizens. Eisenhower, everyone agreed, was speaking straight at or slightly below them, but he was ill at ease before the cameras and his script, however familiar its sentiments, invariably came across as though he hadn't seen it till broadcast time. Whatever the causes, it is estimated that at the height of the battle, only 10 to 15 percent of the country was tuning to the major Presidential appearances.

In the months that followed his election, the President, under the tutelage of actor Robert Montgomery, improved his TV manner markedly. Many legislators did political fence-mending via television by sending home films featuring themselves for local channels. Programs like "Meet the Press" and "American Forum" helped little-known Representatives get into the national limelight and helped better-known Senators to stay there.

Television was used by almost every candidate in 1954 . . . for a memorable assortment of attacks, counter-attacks, indignant defenses and just plain high-jinx. In New York, Sen. Irving M. Ives, heretofore ranked with the more gentlemanly Republican element, flashed 20-year-old newspaper headlines of scandals with which his opponent for the Governorship, Averell Harri-


TV STATIONS . . .
1948-1954
By latest count there are 431 stations in 254 cities, reaching 92 percent of the population. The 1956 elections will be viewed over an estimated 50 million sets.
392
108
44
1948 1952 1954

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man, had allegedly been connected. In New Jersey Clifford Case had to go on the air to defend his sister from charges of being a Communist (or something resembling a Communist)—charges spread by the not so gentlemanly element of his own party.

An independent candidate for Senator appeared in Minnesota, with no hope of getting elected but with a good stock of dollars—supplied by the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee—to purchase TV time for accusations against incumbent Democrat Hubert Humphrey, accusations that the Republican candidate himself would have been embarrassed to make. Whereas newspapers could decline to print this material, the TV stations were obliged under the present statute to sell the third candidate as much time as they sold the other two.

Not only must licensed broadcasters open their channels equally to all aspirants in a given election, no matter how unlikely their success, but they are prohibited from censoring a candidate's script, no matter how libelous its content. Senator Kefauver's opponent in the Tennessee primary is being sued for $3 million by individuals he described as "known Communists" in one of his three 27-hour Talkathon sprees during the '54 campaign. Although the Talkathons didn't win for this not-very-widely-known former Congressman, a survey made in Memphis after the primary showed that by election time his name was as familiar as that of Senator Kefauver himself.

The Talkathon, an ordeal that demands a strong constitution and a durable set of lungs, worked successfully in a number of local campaigns. It capitalizes on the parlor intimacy that TV affords a personable candidate (if the candidate can afford TV). The obvious pitfall is that you'll make a confounded nuisance of yourself.

Many candidates, like Richard Graves who was defeated for the California Governorship, wanted to use television more than they could. Graves had never run for office before; everybody knew his opponent, incumbent Governor "Goody" Knight. But TV broadcasting is expensive, and Goody had five and a half times as much money to work with as the Democrat.

Some candidates for House seats—like James Roosevelt in Los Angeles—used little TV time because local stations in big cities often reach well past the bounds of a single Congressional district, and the would-be Congressman has to pay for the attention of too many citizens who can't vote for him even if utterly conquered by his TV personality.

A comic opera series of events was occasioned in 1954 by the networks' commitment to provide "equal time" for political opposites. At the end of October the President delivered an address on the nation's economic state which he declared to be non-political. Democratic Chairman Stephen Mitchell at once declared it to be as political as it could get and demanded equal time for his party's views. CBS and ABC Networks declared that the President's opinion was good enough for them, but NBC provided Adlai Stevenson with a free half hour. The Republicans immediately descended on the network for equal time to answer the Democrats. Again NBC obliged, and three Republicans, including two Cabinet members, came on the air at 8 p.m. to counter the talk that Stevenson was to deliver at 8:30 p.m. the same night. Chairman Mitchell didn't ask for an additional 30 minutes to answer the Republicans before they spoke, but Vice-President Nixon popped in to rebuke NBC for not granting *him* a little time of his own since somebody had mentioned his name somewhere along the line.

An even more entertaining, if less involved, interlude came with the first televised broadcast of an evening Cabinet meeting shortly before election day. Secretary of State Dulles was supposed to be delivering a report on his most recent trip to Europe. Attorney General Brownell kept getting between the camera and the Secretary of State; Secretary of Agriculture Benson startled everyone by delivering his lone cue about 40 seconds after the question he was supposed to ask had been answered; Mrs. Hobby inquired with a straight face and in a cultured tone whether the Saar issue wasn't an old one. Even with its contrived air, however, most Democrats admitted that this non-political performance was hurting them, and there wasn't much they could do about it. Still, the good fellowship exuded by the Cabinet was rather a relief after weeks of angry vilification.

The networks found it hard to shake off their commercial instincts. Several of them, besieged by last-minute demands for political time, cancelled their generally informative news programs in favor of partisan speeches, rather than give up revenue from hit shows. The President ran over his alloted half-hour on one occasion and was cut off the air in a businesslike way. The Republicans pulled a real election eve *coup* by getting the 9-9:30 time for their big Monday night spectacular, a spot customarily occupied by "I Love Lucy."

All in all, it was an instructive campaign. Univac failed in the pinch, which made 1984 seem a bit farther off. Some candidates learned some things about how to use television. Some learned when not to use it. Most everyone learned that it costs too much to use carelessly. The public got a very large dose of charges ranging from mere dishonesty to virtual disloyalty. If the accused ones could afford to answer, they answered.

And all of this started some people thinking about ways to correct the serious inequities and the just plain muddled situations which are bound to appear under the present limited rules—originally designed for radio—that today govern campaign by television.

In a second article, we shall examine these rules with an eye to spotting their loopholes. And we shall take a closer look at the TV techniques which have reached maturity since 1948 and at what changes they are making in American political campaigning.

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Fishing for Germany With Austrian Bait

by Alexander Kendrick

As soon as the Soviet-Austrian joint communique had been issued in Moscow, the Communist *Daily Worker*—the only newspaper published in London during the Communist-controlled strike — asked in a front-page editorial: "Why not Germany, Too?"

It pointed out that the Moscow agreement calls for Austrian neutrality—the exclusion of any military alliance, the barring of any foreign military bases, the withdrawal of all foreign troops. The *Daily Worker* then suggested that the following question be addressed to the new Eden Government and the Western coalition, in the light of the newest development: "Are you prepared to abandon your plans to rearm Germany and incorporate it in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, in exchange for Four-Power agreement on a peaceful, neutral, unified, democratic Germany?"

Chancellor Raab

The *Daily Worker* is not always privy to Mr. Molotov's state of mind, but there is small doubt throughout Europe that Moscow's sudden about-face on an Austrian treaty is primarily designed for German consumption. As one Italian newspaper put it: "Molotov speaks to Vienna, but wants to be heard in Bonn."

The Russian action is also obviously a token of the Kremlin's desire to make easier the Big Four meeting which it requested a few days later, and of a generally relaxed attitude in the European sphere of foreign affairs —perhaps to compensate for increased tension in the Far East and the recent internal tightening-up in the Soviet Union and the satellite states.

But an Austrian treaty as a precedent for a German treaty is unquestionably the principal impression Molotov has sought to create by the Old Home Week reception given to Austrian Chancellor Julius Raab in Moscow. Unable to prevent ratification of the Paris and London agreements on German rearmament, he now seems dedicated to the proposition of evoking second thoughts about it.

Raab himself made such conjecture more likely in the Federal German Republic by his statement that the Austrians would recover "all the territory" of their country. For the Russians to give up the exploitation of the Austrian oil fields (they will continue to get oil deliveries from the Austrians, however), the Danube shipping company, and the former German assets in eastern Austria (in exchange for $150 million worth of Austrian goods) is hardly the same as to give up the whole of East German territory and the Communist police state installed there.

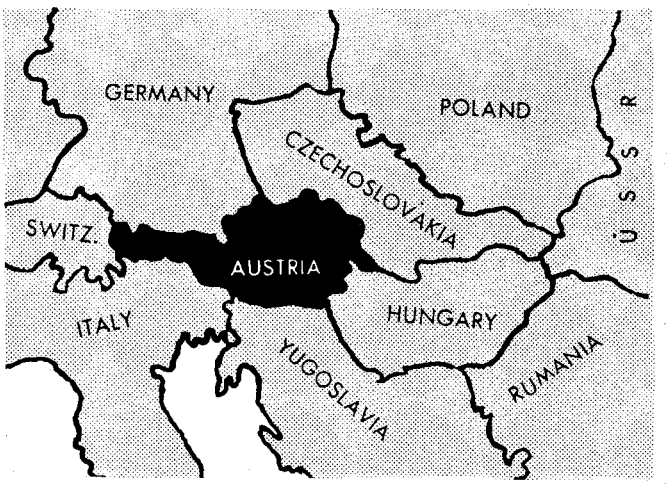
Nevertheless the parallel is being freely made in Communist propaganda. And while the neutralization of Austria is hardly to be mentioned in the same breath with it, nevertheless the Russians seem prepared to pay a high price for the neutralization of Germany.

The evacuation of Lower Austria and Burgenland is part of that price.

Although, by no coincidence, the Moscow agreement came on the tenth anniversary of the "liberation" of Vienna—the Russians are great believers in the solemnity of anniversaries, especially the decimal kind—the Austrians can be pardoned for not quite believing yet that the full decade of occupation is finally to end. They have been in sight of the same goal many times before, only to be frustrated. And although the independent *Kurier* celebrated by printing its editions with red-white-red borders, the Socialist *Arbeiter-Zeitung* warned: "It is always dangerous to rejoice too soon."

The Austrians are still afraid that something may go wrong again at the last moment, though it is hard to see how the Western Powers can withhold approval of a treaty which they have long desired, and which gives Austria unexpected concessions. Western diplomats know that the Russian concept of "independence" is different from their own, and they are not misled by the Marxist paraphrase that "economic independence is better than political independence." Yet if the Austrians accept the Soviet formula, the West cannot very well deny them their choice.

One of the peculiar aspects of the Soviet gesture is that the Western Three and Austria have been perfectly willing to sign a treaty without concessions. There had been no pressure on the Russians to improve the treaty,



Alexander Kendrick, who broadcasts for CBS from London, was until recently that network's representative in Austria and Middle Europe.

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but merely to honor their own draft. Instead there came the gratuitous offer of the Zistersdorf and Matzen oil fields, the Donaudampfschifffahrtsgesellschaft, and the big industrial combine of 300 factories joined together under USIA, the Directorate of Soviet Property in Austria.

Again the lesson is plainly meant for the Germans. For although the Big Four must ultimately agree on an Austrian treaty, the plain fact is that the decisive arrangement was made bilaterally between Moscow and Vienna, indeed by a Mission to Moscow, after 360 Big Four sessions had produced only deadlock.

THE official diplomatic position is that the Austrian treaty was made possible because the Soviet Union reversed itself, and dropped its condition that an Austrian treaty is dependent on a German settlement. Actually, since it takes two to make an Anschluss, the Austrian agreement to eschew such a relationship with Germany leads inevitably to discussion of the German position. Hence the two questions do remain linked, especially in the field of propaganda. The change is in Russian tactics, from pressure on the Western Allies to pressure on Western Germany.

Most diplomats here are sure that Mr. Molotov's next invitation will be to Chancellor Adenauer. And despite the embarrassment caused by the presence of an East German "ambassador" in Moscow, the Social Democratic opposition will make it hard for him to refuse.

There are other interesting aspects of the unexpected Russian move in Austria. If the occupation does end, it will mark the first time since the war that the Soviet Union has voluntarily withdrawn the Red Army from an advanced European position.

It would first of all pull the Russian military line back 140 miles from the Danube and Enns Rivers to the Austrian eastern frontier, and would then also require the Russians to liquidate their communications garrisons in Hungary and Rumania, which were contingent on the Austrian occupation. This reverses the previous Russian position that even after an Austrian treaty, troops would remain in Vienna until a German settlement.

There has obviously been some change in the military thinking in Moscow, and it may even be that the new Defense Minister, Marshal Zhukov, is responsible. However, the recent formation of the East European Defense Community with its co-ordinated command, to offset NATO, provides the probable military reason why the Russians now feel that the evacuation of Austria is tenable.

But although they would have to shift their so-called Central Group of Forces, which disposed of bases and airfields in both Austria and Hungary, the abandonment of Austria would in fact mean as little to the Russians in this atomic age as to the Western garrisons. This, although Western communications from Leghorn, in Italy, to Salzburg, and then to Munich and the rest of Germany, will have to be re-routed through France.

Despite some reports to the contrary, the West has never visualized Austria as an "Alpine fortress." It is not Austrian neutrality in the military sense, but the presence of an Austrian vacuum in the heart of Europe, susceptible to influences from close by, that would be disquieting. This is particularly true since it is not clear yet whether the Russians wish to reserve the right to reoccupy Austria, if the neutrality or no-Anschluss agreements are deemed by them to have been breached.

It is at any rate certain that an essentially involuntary and guaranteed Austrian neutralism is quite different from the Swiss type of neutrality, which *Pravda* and the rest of the Soviet press now holds up as an example for Austria. It is also not quite clear whether, under "economic independence" Austria will be permitted to join the European Coal and Steel Community and other continental arrangements. Nor has any mention been made of the future status of the World Federation of Trade Unions, the various Peace Councils, and the other Communist organizations which have until now usurped extraterritorial positions in Vienna purely under Soviet military protection and in defiance of Austrian visa regulations.

HOWEVER, though an Austrian treaty would close out Vienna as the only regular meeting-place between East and West in the peculiar relationship of allies, Austrian neutrality would make Vienna an even more auspicious East-West trading and commercial center. The Iron Curtain would be raised between Austria and Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and the normal economic exchange that made the old Austro-Hungarian Empire great would presumably be restored.

Moreover, the departure of the Russians would unloose Austrian initiative and enterprise for the reconstruction of the eastern sections of the country. In anticipation of this, stock shares in East Austrian enterprises were not only dusted off, but took a sudden rise on the Vienna Bourse as soon as the Moscow communique had been published.

But aside from all the questions now raised, and some continuing skepticism as to Soviet motives and intentions, the fact remains that an Austrian treaty is on the whole a good thing in itself, and would provide a much-needed European *détente*. Of course, if it should not materialize after all, the Russians will once more accuse the West of preventing it.

One final word as to Soviet motives and intentions. Some military planners believe that in addition to its intended effect on Germany and on the general relations between East and West, the Austrian treaty is part of a long-range Moscow plan to create a *cordon sanitaire* of neutral states, running through Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and including Finland, Sweden, Germany, Austria and Yugoslavia.

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Ike's New Start in Asia

by Haldore Hanson

SIGNIFICANT changes in national policy sometimes show up in a series of unpretentious events, like ducks passing overhead by ones and twos in the spring, until their cumulative passage confirms a migration.

Something of that sort may have revealed itself in the past fortnight. Two announcements by President Eisenhower and a news leak from the Government of India at New Delhi suggest the possibility of a new trend in American foreign policy, a constructive economic course which would complement the overwhelming emphasis since 1950 on the military deterrent. These recent developments were:

1. A Presidential message on foreign aid, sent to Congress April 20, recommended a record amount of capital aid to help raise standards of living in underdeveloped countries. The message recommended more aid for Asian countries which are neutral in the Cold War. It asked for only a one-year appropriation but called this aid "a long-term process." The message made the usual bow to private investment, but recommended much larger use of public funds for this task. It requested a new regional aid program in free Asia which the President said "has been recommended to me by the Council on Foreign Economic Policy and the National Security Council."

Translated into personalities, this last quoted sentence should read: "Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey and Under-Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr., the two strongest voices in the Council on Economic Foreign Policy, have agreed with Harold Stassen that our national interest requires a larger American effort to stimulate economic growth in the free world, that private investment is not enough, that substantial amounts of public capital should be used."

2. A Presidential letter to the Secretary of State, dated April 14, announced that economic-aid programs will be transferred June 30 to a new, semi-autonomous unit in the Department of State, to be known as the International Co-operation Administration. The action was no surprise, but the reason given was unexpected: The President wrote that his action "offers assurance that, under a permanent government establishment, we are providing a long-range basis for this kind of international co-operation." An unfamiliar notion from an Administration which in earlier days said foreign aid should taper off and be replaced by private investment and trade.

3. A news dispatch from New Delhi reported that India has invited a number of Asian governments to meet at Simla, India, May 9-15, to discuss a regional Asian development plan in which American assistance would play a part. Information reaching Washington indicates this news was based on a leak, that the Indians had no desire to give out the news before the Asia-African Conference, and that the facts in the story are substantially correct. The Simla meeting is related to a hurried trip which Harold Stassen made in late February, after the President approved a limited beginning for Asian regional aid.

Perhaps it is hazardous to draw any conclusion on a new trend in foreign policy based upon such slim indications. Brave words have so often proved a substitute for deeds. Yet the 9-months' debate which preceded executive branch approval of larger Asian aid does suggest that the Administration has charted a new course, however falteringly.

The struggle within the Administration over the size of foreign aid has most often appeared in the press as a Humphrey-Stassen disagreement concerning the budget. In fact it was much more. It was essentially a debate over the adequacy of our foreign policy, especially the almost exclusive reliance upon military strength to stop Communist expansion. Those who supported a new approach to economic aid argued that:

VIETNAM—A village pump near Saigon US technicians have helped build.

Haldore Hanson was former Administrator of American aid to South Asia.

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Safeguarding freedom in the two-thirds of the world which is still outside Communist control takes more than alliances, a stockpile of bombs and threats to use the bomb. It is a false notion that disruption in the world is caused entirely by Soviet expansion, and that the entire answer is a military deterrent. This ignores another great force of the 20th Century, the drive of more than a billion people for complete freedom and greater material progress. This surge is one of the great movements of modern times, ranking with the breakup of feudalism, the Renaissance and the Reformation. Communists have recognized this 20th Century force and sought to capture its leadership. The free world has paid little attention.

The Communists have promised these poorer countries material progress and freedom from colonialism. We know these Communist promises to be phony, yet they have great appeal.

Consider Indo-China, for example. Here the side with the greater military strength lost, and the side with lesser material strength won. The margin was the victor's greater will to fight, which was based upon promises of freedom and economic betterment. The promises came from Communists. The answer was to provide the reality of freedom and the actual start of economic betterment. Men will not make the necessary sacrifices for a government which will not meet the elementary needs of its people.

THE ARGUMENT concludes:

It is we of the West under American leadership who have the resources and the integrity to provide assistance to this overriding force of our times. To do so, we will need bank loans and private investment, but that is not enough. We need public grants to speed up the growth process in threatened areas.

The President turned over the decision on foreign aid to his Council on Foreign Economic Policy, headed by the banker, Joseph Dodge, assisted by three of the most conservative Administration leaders—Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, Secretary of Commerce Weeks, and Under-Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr. They were joined by an Agriculture representative and Stassen.

Considering the makeup of this body, the Administration decision is remarkable. The group approved a policy paper which declares that speeding economic growth abroad with public funds is in our national interest.

The President's message does not clearly identify how much of the aid would be available for capital grants or soft loans to underdeveloped countries. The facts have been blurred by a special jargon developed in past mutual security legislation. I would estimate, however, on the basis of the President's message and a knowledge of previous appropriations, that the President is proposing a doubling of our capital aid to underdeveloped countries, an increase from roughly $400 million to $800 million. He specifically identifies an increase in technical assistance funds from $117 million in the current year to $172 million next year. These are respectable amounts, though a bobtail of the original Stassen proposals.

Even more significant in the President's message than the amount of aid is the clear approval of a new approach to Asian regionalism. This is where Stassen's trip last February comes in, and his venture into personal diplomacy.

He met with the prime ministers and top planning bodies of Pakistan, India, Thailand and Japan, among others. If one can judge by the consternation in the State Department, his proposals were not known in advance. No American ambassador or aid administrator briefed the Asian governments. Stassen wanted, apparently, an unprompted answer to such questions as these:

Do Asians want a regional development body with a planning staff (the Colombo Plan is merely a committee meeting of finance ministers)?

What specific projects would such a body take up?

Is any Asian nation willing to take leadership in forming such a body?

Can America have some expression of Asian interest this spring, on which American planning can be based?

Stassen's secrecy was undoubtedly motivated by a desire to let Asians take both the initiative and the credit for the organization. This was prudent strategy. Information available in Asian embassies in Washington indicates the answers to his questions were favorable, and that India agreed to take the lead.

The largest single regional development problem is how to arrange a greater exchange of Japanese capital equipment for primary materials from South Asian countries. This will require some long-term credits. For example, Japan's desire to buy iron ore from Bihar State in India would involve capital to open the mines, increase rail trackage and enlarge port facilities. India-Nepal roads are another two-nation project. Swapping more Burmese and Thai rice for Japanese capital goods may hinge upon triangular trade. So will solving Indonesia's $150 million adverse balance of payments with Japan.

Negotiating such triangular projects will involve longer time than the usual six to nine months for a bilateral project. This suggests that the $200 million President Eisenhower approved as an initial fund will probably be ample for the first year. Nevertheless, a commitment for a longer period of years could permit wiser planning.

REACHING agreement among Asians at Simla will not be easy. No Asian nation wants to talk with its neighbors about the aid it now receives from the US on a bilateral basis; they will be prepared to talk only about the region. Pakistan, for example, is not prepared to discuss with India its present aid. Ceylon is ineligible for American aid because of its rubber shipments to Communist China and might not wish to join the Simla talks. Burma cancelled American aid in 1953 when she felt America was financing Chinese Nationalist troops operating as bandits within Burma. Whether she will discuss

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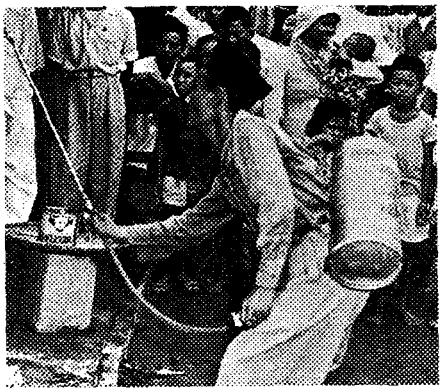
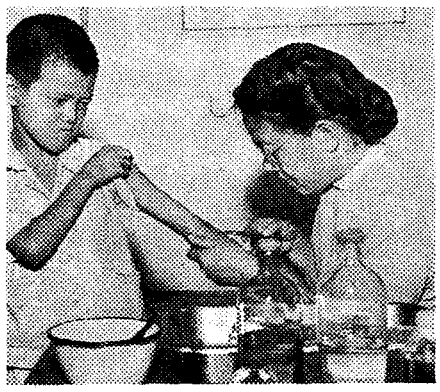


INDONESIA—with FOA help 3 million people have been protected from malaria.



FORMOSA—Immunization made possible by US support of rural health services.

INDIA — FOA technician demonstrates improved methods of rice cultivation.

American aid on a regional basis is not yet known. It is unclear whether the Philippines received an invitation. Japan did not, apparently on the assumption she is a donor nation, and should be consulted after the Simla talks.

Despite these uncertainties, it appears likely that some Asians will come up with a proposal for a regional development scheme, but whether their show of unity, and the nature of projects contemplated will impress the American Congress is the real question.

The regional plan approved by President Eisenhower does not propose the turning over of funds to a regional body, but only the working out of development schemes affecting two or more countries in the region, with the help of a regional development staff, as the basis for subsequent American grants to the individual countries involved. Even this much joint Asian responsibility would be revolutionary in a region which less than a decade ago was made up largely of European colonies.

The regional plan, which can be credited to Stassen personally, has this important political aspect: every time Asian nations gather to talk over their common problems, the chances for freedom in the region are advanced. The first problem of these new and inexperienced governments is getting to know each other, the second to understand their common danger, the third to organize their common defenses against civil war and subversion.

If the Simla meeting should lead to a regional development body as wide in membership as the Colombo Plan, with a full-time planning staff, this body would rank with the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization as one of the keystones of free world strength in Asia.

The decision is now up to the Congress. Congressional leaders have reacted to the President's foreign aid message with negative statements in the press. This has become standard behavior, and it is impossible to draw conclusions from these off-the-cuff remarks. A more reliable guide to Congressional temper may be found in two events of the past four months, one favorable, one unfavorable.

First, when the President called in Congressional leaders last December to sound out opinion on his legislative program, Senator George spoke up on larger aid to Asia. He said, according to one man present, that Democrats would support the Asian aid plan subject to five conditions:

—that the amount not exceed $500 million;
—that the funds be found within the $3.5 billion budget for foreign aid;
—that larger Asian aid not affect the Congressional directive that Harold Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration be abolished;
—that commitment be made for one year only;
—that the United States set no target for a specific rate of economic growth in Asia.

The President has respected these conditions; in fact he has stayed well below the ceiling on funds.

Second, Rep. John Vorys (R, Ohio), influential No. 2 Republican on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, is out to stop all economic grants to countries which have no joint military arrangement with the United States. Vorys was the author of the scheme several years ago to segregate in the foreign-aid bill all capital funds for neutrals, so that they would be easier to cut. Following a trip through the "arc of Asia" countries last November-December, he prepared a report which reiterated that neutrals should receive no economic aid, other than technical assistance, after June 30, 1955. If this viewpoint prevailed—and Congress did support Vorys last year—the President's plan for regional aid in Asia would be reduced to the SEATO Powers and Japan.

A Congressional fight over Asian aid poses a test of statesmanship for the President. If he appeals to Congress on the need for joint action against Communism, he will garner the most votes but jeopardize the participation of Asians who have refused our military alliance. If he stresses the need for economic growth in all free countries of Asia, he will provide ammunition for those who want to cut off aid to neutrals.

At Bandung the brilliant oration on Communist colonialism delivered by the Premier of neutral Ceylon showed how neutrals serve the cause of freedom. It is sound that American policy reflect the fact.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Adolescence and Maturity In the American Novel

by Leslie A. Fiedler

NOBODY nowadays is doing anything startling or new; the techniques that are being exploited are those that were revolutionary in the 'twenties; but the mass audience has stubbornly refused to catch up. This is hardly cheering to our younger authors, who tend to be a melancholy lot, having neither the comfort of commercial success nor the thrill of feeling themselves a gallant vanguard. They have tended, in self-defense, to find themselves special audiences for whom they specifically write and by whose acclaim they live; and while this strategy serves a purpose in sustaining them, financially and spiritually, it has tended to create a situation in which we have a series of competing "academies" rather than a conflict of the academic and the anti-academic.

Since it would be impossible to mention more than a few writers of the younger generation without simply compiling a catalogue, I shall limit myself to discussing particularly only two of the competing "academies," the two which seem to me in certain ways most important: one associated with *Harper's Bazaar*, the other with *Partisan Review*. I pick *Harper's Bazaar* to stand for a whole group which includes *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue* and the ill-fated *Flair*, which attempted to be deliberately and whole-heartedly what the others had become partially and almost by accident, and which ended as a parody of itself and of the others. *Harper's Bazaar* is, of course, not primarily a literary magazine at all, but an elegant fashion magazine for women, read not only by those who can afford the goods it advertises but by many who cannot and who participate vicariously in its world of values, picking it up on the table of a beauty-parlor waiting room. Finding a story by, say, Truman Capote tucked away between the picture of a determinedly unbeautiful model and an ad for a brassiere, most of the readers of *Harper's Bazaar*, one assumes, must simply skip the meaningless pages; and, knowing this, the editors (writers themselves, or friends of writers) know that they can print anything they please.

But the conjunction of Capote and high style is not as accidental as it seems at first glance. We have been evolving in recent years a new sort of sensibility, defined by a taste for *haute couture*, classical ballet, baroque opera, the rites and vestments of Catholicism—and above all for a kind of literature at once elegantly delicate and bitterly grotesque. This new kind of sensibility, although (or perhaps because) it is quite frankly a homosexual one, appeals profoundly to certain rich American women with cultural aspirations, and is therefore sponsored in their salons and published decoratively in magazines that cater to their tastes. The development of new markets for the young writer with this sort of sensibility has gone in hand with the development of a kind of high bohemia, which moves freely from New York to Venice to Capri to establish a world that is international and anti-bourgeois without being political or sordid or sullen, like the older bohemias.

THE most important writer of this group is Carson McCullers, the most typical Truman Capote (or his latest version, called Speed Lamkin or whatever, since in this world of evanescent youth the hungry generations tread each other down with astonishing rapidity). One can take the latter as almost a caricature of the type: the "queen" as American author, possessing a kind of beauty, both in person and as an artist, which belongs to childhood and early adolescence, and which withers before it can ripen; Southern in origin and allegiance; and gothic (a very refined gothic) in style, blending Edgar Allen Poe and Ronald Firbank in an improbable grafting.

Such writers also descend in a strange way from Faulkner, who provides them with a ready-made *paysage moralisée*, the landscape of the South as a natural symbol for decay and brooding evil. To the distrust and fear of woman in Faulkner, they respond according to their own lights; and what there is in the older writer of the agonizedly male has already been transmuted for them by two transitional writers, both women and both immensely talented, Katherine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty—who began the process of taming and feminizing Faulkner (he has had only one truly male follower, Robert Penn Warren, who falls outside the scope of my present essay), making possible the ingrafting of Henry James which produces the true Magnolia Blossom or Southern Homosexual style: pseudo-magical, pseudo-religious, counterfeiting the symbolism of Faulkner in a rhetoric and rhythm derived from James.

I HAVE used the word "counterfeiting" because I find this kind of fiction often merely *chic* behind its pretense of being subtle and advanced. Even Capote, who possesses considerable talent, has come more and more to *play* at being an author, to act out for the benefit of his own kind of society the role of the elegant, sad, futile androgyny—half reigning beauty and half freak. His novel *Other Voices, Other Rooms* already represents a falling away from the slight authentic music of such an early story as "Children on Their Birthdays," and some of his most recent work seems more and more just decor—like the quasi-surrealist window dressings of certain Fifth Avenue shops.

There has been a tendency for this school at its periphery, where it touches, let us say, Princeton, to combine in a perhaps foreseeable way with the formal emphasis of the "New Criticism," and to find expression in the more studied Jamesian effects of a writer like Frederick Buechner; but its realest triumphs are achieved in the fiction of Carson McCullers. Her first novel, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, published when she was only twenty-two, is heartbreakingly wonderful; the melancholy Southern town, the deaf-and-dumb protagonists all make their meanings precisely, scene and symbol fused into a single poetry without strain. The subject of Miss McCullers' work is the subject of her whole group: the impossibility of reciprocal

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love, the sadness of a world in which growing up means only learning that isolation is the fate of every one of us. Her central characters, those ambiguous boyish girls (Frankie and Mick; the names make the point) who stand outside of everything, even their own sex, lost in a world of freaks—these are strange new heroes of our time.

THE *Partisan Review*, around which the second "academy" tends to polarize, is quite another matter. It is not an advertising journal that has stumbled into printing advanced fiction, but a review which began as a "little magazine" and has managed (thanks in part to angels, but chiefly to the stubborn devotion of its editors) to become an institution without ever having achieved a large circulation. One of the strangest things about *Partisan Review* is that, though its readers have never numbered more than about 10,000, its name is confidently used in journals with 100,000 and 2,000,000 readers as a symbol for certain values which do not have to be further defined. Certainly, it is resented, hated, and sullenly respected by a much larger number of people than have ever read it.

In its beginnings, it attempted to combine an allegiance to *avant-garde* aesthetic ideals and radical politics; at first, it was quite frankly a Communist publication, though its editors quite soon broke from orthodox Stalinism as the enemy of free culture. Its contributors are characteristically unhappy with each other and with the magazine itself; and they would resent to a man being spoken of as a group, as I am doing now. But they *do* have a good deal in common, not the least of which is their uneasy feeling of independence from each other, the sense that it is only their past which binds them unwillingly together. In politics, for instance, they have grown far apart, becoming variously Anarchists, Trotskyites, Social Democrats, New Dealers, and even Republicans—but they have all of them the complicated awareness of those who once lived inside of or close to the Communist movement.

They are "political" in the European sense of the word, a sense that does not even exist for most Americans. Not only do they have Marx, accepted or denied, in their blood, but also Freud in much the same way, as well as contemporary sociology, anthropology, and philosophy in general—so that they are likely to take sides passionately in arguments about, say, existentialism or other recent European ideologies. They share the fondness of the Southern group for James and Faulkner, but in some ways Kafka is closer to their hearts (Isaac Rosenfeld, for instance, made a major, not quite successful effort, to create a body of American work in his image), and they feel a real kinship with Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Precisely because their cultural background is so complex, and also because they have almost all been forced somewhere between 1935 and 1940 to make a radical shift in their political allegiances and aesthetic ambitions, it has taken these writers a long time to grow up. Some critics have even found it comical or disheartening to learn that many *Partisan* writers spoken of as "young" are thirty or thirty-five or forty. But they are in truth, for the reasons I have tried to suggest, still young as writers when middle-aged as men, still *beginning*—not dazzling successes at twenty like Truman Capote. They have matured slowly, but they have matured; and this is exceptional in the American scene.

THE best of the group is Saul Bellow, a novelist of exceptional talent and in many ways a typical figure. Like most of the writers I am describing, he is a second-generation Jew (this is important, for Jews are just now taking a place of peculiar significance in American cultural life; and, as a history-ridden people in a history-less land, they stand in a different relationship to the past and to Europe than any other American group), an urban type, whose world is not the archetypal small town that from Twain to Sherwood Anderson and on to Faulkner has been the world *par excellence* of our fiction. Nor is his city the Big Town seen by the provincial, the bewildering un-home that has haunted the American literary mind from the moment of Pierre's wild trip to New York. Saul Bellow's Chicago (like the New York of Delmore Schwartz) is the only home of the essentially homeless, remembered not idyllically as the Garden but as the desert to which one woke at the the moment of the Great Depression.

Bellow's controlling images and myths tend to be social ones; ideas, political and philosophical are not something intrusive in his work, but the atmosphere, the very condition of life. He feels most deeply where his thought is most deeply involved, and his characters come alive where they are touched by ideas. It is for this reason that the most moving passages in his books are discussions, the interchange of opinions and theories as vividly presented as a love scene or a fight. But his books are never "problem" novels in the sense of the socially conscious 'twenties. Even *The Victim* (which remains in many respects my favorite), though it takes off from the problem of anti-Semitism, does not aim at establishing the smug sense of our innocence and the other's guilt, but suggests in its muted fable the difficulty of being human, much less innocent, in a world of injustice.

WITH *The Adventures of Augie March*, Bellow has won for the first time the general recognition he has long deserved, though his two earlier books had won at least equal critical acclaim. Writers of this school have, I think, a special problem in reaching a mass audience to whom the commonplaces of their experience have an inevitable tinge of the remote and abstruse; and *Augie* is a deliberate attempt to break through to such a group out of the parochial world in which Bellow began. *Augie* itself is an uneven book, redundant and untidy, full of a strange tough-abstract poetry that becomes sometimes merely mannered; but it is held together finally by a versatile irony that moves from barely quizzical tenderness to wild burlesque. Ideally, the book should be read after the grey, tight, orderly *Victim* in order to understand the self-imposed limitations against which it is in revolt. In everything but self-understanding and control, it is a better book, richer, more ambitious, funnier, the saga of an improbable Huckleberry Finn: Huck as a metropolitan Jew, a wanderer through cities, fallen among Trotskyites and comedians of ideas as well as grafters and minor Machiavellians—but Huck still, the apostle of noncommitment, moving uncertainly but inevitably toward the "happy ending" of un-success. It is an explosive book, a novel powered by the atomization of its own world; and the world fragmented in in its humor and violence is the world of the *Partisan Review*, which Augie may never have had time to read.

There are other lesser, but still interesting, writers in this constellation: Lionel Trilling, whose single novel was

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not quite successful, but who in two short stories perfected a new kind of moral-critical fiction; Delmore Schwartz, a poet and fictionist who evokes the Jewish-American milieu with a studied limpness, half-irritating, half-intriguing; Mary McCarthy, the most wickedly witty of the group, who satirizes the ideas of the *Partisan Review* itself at the point where they tend to die into banalities.

It is because the fictionists of this group are capable of seeing themselves with a characteristic irony, sad or brittle, because their world is complex and troubled enough to protect them from nostalgia and self-pity, that I see in them evidence of a movement toward a literature of maturity. Yet certain flaws endemic to the whole American scene reappear disconcertingly in the *Partisan* group and mar *Augie* itself. One feels sometimes that only the weaknesses of American literature survive from generation to generation; that the heritage of our writers is a series of vacuums, which by evasion or strategy they must bridge or by-pass.

One waits still, for instance, for the American writer who can render as successfully as, say, any second-rank French novelist of the nineteenth century the complexities and ambiguities of sexual passion, of—(how absurdly hard it is for the American writer to say simply "love")—of *love*. The sentimental-love religion has died out of our serious fiction, leaving only a blank, a blank that the nympholeptic stereotypes which play the women's roles in Saul Bellow's book surely do not fill. Among certain *Partisan* writers, there has recently been an attempt to make out of Laurentian reminiscences and Reichian doctrines a new religion—not of love, of course, but of "full genitality"; yet this seems anything but mature.

Moreover, there appears to be a growing impatience inside the *Partisan* academy, superficially directed at the excesses of the newer criticism but actually aimed at the whole Jamesian cult of sensibility, and this threatens to end in a general scalping of all Paleface writers. Yet the urge toward this polar split between "honest crudity" and "elegant introspection" represents as deep a wound in the American aesthetic sense as the analogous distinction of Dark Lady and Fair Lady stands for in terms of our sexual consciousness. There is a kind of tough-minded provincialism implicit in the whole position: an impulse toward "moral realism," a fear of "Mystification" (*i.e.*, of religion and metaphysics), which may at any moment explode in a reversion to the simplest redskin celebration of pure experience.

Against this temptation, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy and Kafka might well be expected to serve as antidotes; but it is hard to say how seriously these writers are finally taken and how far they are merely "culture" in the vulgarest sense of the word, the souvenirs of literary tourism. The "tradition" which sustains the *Partisan Review* remains, in a characteristically American way, partial and *willed*. Its canon develops not organically out of a given cultural past, but by forced breeding out of what a few strong-minded men *happen to know*. It is hard to see how such a situation can be avoided in a society distinguished by the indifference of the many to the making of its taste, and by an unbridgeable gap between its productive present and its only viable literary past.

The America which has survived westward expansion and the mass immigration of the last century can no longer live, except nostalgically, on the puritan-colored metaphysical tradition that was still able to nurture Hawthorne and Melville and Henry James. It is not only that America is comparatively young, but that it no longer possesses even the meager past it has lived; that it has, indeed, deliberately and joyously cast off that burden, so that each new generation must improvise not only its fate but its history. This is, on the one hand, an opportunity but, on the other, a curse; and, opportunity or curse, it cuts us off from the European alternatives of Tradition and Revolt. To be sure, we use these terms frequently but somewhat comically to describe our pious allegiance to or disavowal of values some ten or fifteen years old; and our failure to confess this leads to the constant counterfeiting of new pasts and the restless revaluations that succeed each other among us with bewildering speed.

There has been in recent times a notorious attempt to invent a full-scale synthetic myth of an America of the Open Road to replace the defunct New England version of our country; but this was born as unreal as its predecessor has become, and, as it has grown less and less sympathetic to a second-generation, urbanized world, its sponsors have grown shriller and shriller. The sentimentality of the wholesale American Legend and its corresponding dream of an unlimited mass audience have not directly influenced most serious American writers; but, in their self-satisfaction at having resisted so second-rate a temptation, they are likely to fall prey to the subtler allures embodied in the exclusive little audience with its conviction of the superiority of its special taste. To write deliberately for the few, we have been learning, is as dangerous as writing for the many in a mass society. To shift from the latter aim to the former is to move from the child's desire to buy universal love with perfect obedience to the adolescent's resolve to compel universal recognition with perfect non-cooperation, a resolve that ends typically in complete submission to the mores of one's gang.

The mature writer must write, as he has always written, for neither mass nor sect but for that pure fiction, the ideal understander, for whom we no longer have a name but who was once called the "gentle reader." In traditional cultures, that non-existent perfect reader was postulated in a set of values represented imperfectly but hopefully by a self-perpetuating body of critics. In America he has never been institutionalized, surviving only in the unwitting parody of the "genteel reader," which at the end of the nineteenth century we rejected with scorn in favor of a more democratic but less useful concept, the "average reader."

The plight of the American writer is at best difficult; aware that the greatest books of our literature remain somehow boys' books, he seeks a way toward maturity. But between him and a mature relationship with his past lies our contempt for what is left behind, the discontinuity of our history; between him and a mature relationship with his public lies the impossibility of institutionalizing values in a democracy which regards taste as a vestige of aristocratic privilege; between him and a mature relationship with experience lies the fact that the only universally *felt* American morality arises from the *ersatz* religion of sentimentalism.

It is no wonder that our novelists have shuttled between the utopias of form and formlessness, pretending alternately that a technical point-of-view is a suffi-

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cient substitute for a moral viewpoint and that reported fact is the equivalent of judged experience. The images of childhood and adolescence haunt our greatest works as an unintended symbolic confession of the inadequacy we sense but cannot remedy. Perhaps it is impossible to attain a mature literature without a continuing tradition in the European sense; for it may be that no individual author alone and in a single lifetime can achieve an adult relationship to his culture and his vision of it. But we can, of course, never have such a tradition, only the disabling nostalgia for one; and quite rapidly the whole world is coming to resemble us in this regard. The essential fact of literature in our age is its inevitable "Americanization," as mass culture advances and the old systems of evaluation go down with the political structures into which they were ingrafted. In this sense, the Continental vogue of American fiction, which seems otherwise a merely fashionable exoticism or even a gesture of self-contempt and anti-intellectualism, represents the search of Western literature for its future. Even now, the writers of many other countries begin to stand to their own past in a relation as uneasy as our own; and in our novel they find raised nakedly at last the question that underlay the experimentation of the 'twenties, the "social consciousness" of the 'thirties, the search for formal security of the 'forties: "Can the lonely individual, unsustained by tradition in an atomized society, achieve a poetry adult and complicated enough to be the consciousness of its age?" To have posed that question for the world is the achievement of the American novel at the present moment.

Trials of the Word

by R. W. B. Lewis

IN *Language as Gesture,* two years ago, R. P. Blackmur brought together a number of those invaluable essays on modern poetry which he had been writing for various literary journals since the late twenties. *Language as Gesture* represents Mr. Blackmur's major performance as a purely literary critic. It was a performance unmatched in its way, crucial for the literary taste of our generation and exemplary in any generation—even that of Dryden, for example, or of Edgar Allen Poe. As much as any one critic could, Mr. Blackmur was the man who established the genre of poetic English literature in his century, and who identified its chief exponents (Hardy, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Stevens and the others). Now Mr. Blackmur has given us a new volume of essays, seventeen in all, and for the most part written since the last war, while Mr. Blackmur has been teaching at Princeton. But few of the items in *The Lion and the Honeycomb* are exercises in textual analysis, and none of them deal with poetry.

The Lion and the Honeycomb: Essays in Solicitude and Critique, by R. P. Blackmur (Harcourt, Brace; $5).

Literature is always their ultimate subject. Four of the essays examine individual masters of prose: Henry Adams, T. E. Lawrence, Herman Melville and Henry James; and one theorizes about the modern novel in general. But a good many of them tend to stray into larger, spongier and less clearly bounded worlds of discourse, to touch upon such matters as the vast increase of the earth's population, the alarming spread of subaverage "universal" education, and the stresses and strains of the contemporary power-conflict. The relation between those things and the profession of art is Mr. Blackmur's present concern; and the unity of the new volume derives from its continuing focus upon a certain kind of tension—that between "art" and some more amorphus entity, the name of which, I suppose, is "life."

Art, as Mr. Blackmur considers it, is a profession, a technique, a habit of thought. Life is turbulence, pressure, disorder, something always going on. In the lead essay, "Towards a Modus Vivendi," art is one portion of America—its mind, which looks small; life is another portion—its energy, which is enormous; America's problem is to make its mind catch up with its energy. In "The Expense of Greatness," life is Washington after the Civil War, and art is Henry Adams prowling through its corrupt but mysteriously workable ignorance. Life is the name for any society or country where art is not at home, but it is also the source and the concrete amount of the artist's income ("The American Literary Expatriate" and "The Economy of the American Writer"). In the volume's concluding essay or peroration, the opposition appears in the contrast between the primitive, cow-like element of our being, "what is sottish, oafish and drunken . . . slothful but active in human nature"; and "that power within us, greater than and other than ourselves." Great literature is the conjunction of the two. Or again, life is said to have one kind of form: "classical form," Mr. Blackmur calls it in an essay on Henry James; the task of the artist is to seize upon the form of life by means of the "technical form" of art, and to pluck it out, like drowned honor, by its locks.

The critic's job, Mr. Blackmur argues, is to look in between "art" and "life," where, with luck and when things are going well, literature may sometimes be found. But in our historic moment, there is a severe dislocation between art and life, as variously manifested. This is what causes Mr. Blackmur the solicitude he mentions in his subtitle. It should be emphasized that the solicitude extends equally to both art and life. For Mr. Blackmur cherishes the turbulence not less than the craftsmanship; as a critic, he feels he has to, since literature is the product of their fertile quarrel—the quarrel (not the dislocation) between Adams and Washington that generated *The Education*; the quarrel between Melville and American piety which gave rise to *Moby Dick.* The right kind of quarrel between mind and energy (or technique and disorder) is what Mr. Blackmur means by the phrase he frequently invokes: *modus vivendi.* And if in one perspective, *modus vivendi* is literature, in another it is the condition which makes literature possible and of which literature is the outward and visible sign.

COMING

NR's Spring Literary Issue, on May 16, will include an essay on Chekhov by Thomas Mann; observations on "the Niebuhr-Tillich debate," by Will Herberg; an article on Maritain's aesthetics, by Joseph Frank; and "The Politics of Wyndham Lewis," by Geoffrey Wagner.

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The best proof of a satisfactory *modus vivendi*, in either national or world politics or in literature, is language coherently expressing force: "words grappling with action," as Mr. Blackmur once wrote about Adlai Stevenson: "words bring(ing) meaning to birth," as he says here about Herman Melville. But in the spheres both of politics and literature, *modus vivendi* is currently thwarted by a divorce of intellect from power. Mr. Blackmur attributes the divorce to a series of social upheavals which have released many new kinds of energy; and to the spread of a kind of education which may be worse than no education at all, since its function is to suffocate mind. Perhaps the primary opposition between life and art today, as Mr. Blackmur sees it, is the one between a new illiteracy and a swelling "intellectual proletariat" on the one hand; and a dwindling, perhaps demoralized intellectual elite on the other. Mr. Blackmur, to repeat, is a very honest broker, solicitous to an extreme about both parties in the divorce. He knows that the words have been devitalized by their separation. And so, "the burden of criticism in our time," he proposes, ". . . is to make bridges between society and the arts." *The Lion and the Honeycomb* (its Biblical title an enigmatic allusion to the elements which require bridging) is dedicated to that proposition. It is therefore appropriate that, in the course of his bridge-building, Mr. Blackmur should turn away from poetry to fiction, the genre of writing which uses the techniques of art to expose the strenuous forms of social life.

There is no question that these essays confront the great issues, the intellectual dimensions of the evils that beset the Western world at the present moment. And there is no question that, in their intricate and serpentine manner, they suggest and illustrate and in fact practice the intellectual version of potential cures. But there may be some disagreement as to how far Mr. Blackmur is really able to help us. For his meanings rather seep through the cracks in our intellect than invade the very structure of our mind. This may be due in part to the special nature of the essays. They seem to be transcriptions from Mr. Blackmur's private book of commonplaces; they are gossipy and digressive, and not necessarily organized for the purpose of invasion. Their author usually refers to them as "notes." Mr. Blackmur quotes with approval T. S. Eliot's remark

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that a living prose style should emulate the style of conversation. But his own style sometimes resembles what Eliot described as "talk"—words exchanged with one's self. We feel sure it is very good talk; wise and highly informed, with no failure of charity anywhere detectable (Mr. Blackmur's lack of even the instinct of malice is remarkable). But we hear the talk indistinctly, like a continuous murmur in the next room.

We wish the talk were more plainly audible, for the voice of Mr. Blackmur is distinguished, and upon occasion, in diagnosing our cultural crisis, it approaches nobility. His essays are central to the great critical trial the word must undergo in our age, if reality is once again to be recaptured in language. Man is a word-using animal; and contempt for the word—the consequence of divorcing mind from energy—is the symptom of a spiritual desolation that hovers toward death. Our best hope of salvation, Mr. Blackmur hints, lies in a restoration of energy to language, a renewal of faith in the word. Or, as he would slyly have us write it, in the Word.

The Misfortunes of Mendele

by Irving Howe

OF all the major figures in Yiddish literature, Mendele Mocher Sforim (which means Mendele the Book Seller) is least accessible to the alien reader. One of those transitional figures who appear at the beginning of a literature, he embodied in his work the difficult turning from critical exposition to imaginative narrative—a turning particularly difficult in Yiddish culture, where the whole idea of literature was suspect. Influenced by the Haskalah or Jewish Enlightenment of the early nineteenth century, Mendele wrote in a curious blend of satire and didacticism: his books are not quite novels yet are more than exercises in dialectic. His conscious intent was to elevate the spiritual life of his people, to criticize the stagnation and parasitism that had overwhelmed the Jewish communities of eastern Europe, and to bring them into a fruitful relationship with modern secular thought; yet he was entirely *of* the Jewish world, far more so than many later Yiddish writers who, in their zeal for Jewish ideologizing, were to attack him for an overly critical or "negative" attitude toward Jewishness. Actually, this "negative" attitude was a token of his affection for the east European Jews, the outer sign of a complete inner identification.

The Nag, by Mendele Mocher Sforim, translated by Moshe Spiegel (Beechhurst; $3.50).

Precisely because he is so *internal* a writer, so thoroughly intent upon speaking directly to his immediate audience and thereby uninterested in making a place for himself as "a man of letters," Mendele is extremely difficult to render in another language. His style often seems—and is—diffuse, but what saves it from mere verbosity is his skill at planting frequent passages of half-hidden satiric thrusts. In English, however, the danger is that this style, at once meandering and bristling, will seem merely quaint. And that, I am afraid, is precisely what it does seem in Mr. Spiegel's translation.

The Nag is a difficult book to classify: it is partly allegory, partly simple narrative, partly a blunt attack on the slothfulness and fatalism of the east European Jewish world as it appeared to Mendele some 80 years ago. The "hero" of the book is a workhorse, forever beaten and abused, yet forever capable of regathering his energies and pushing ahead to the certain prospect of further beatings and abuse. Hardly more fabulous than his resilience is the capacity of this horse to reason about his fate and, in an amusing facsimile of Jewish dialectic, to debate the problems of modern history. The nag, it soon becomes clear, is a symbol of the Jewish people, and its condition a comment on their life—a very complex and ambiguous comment in which contempt for their passivity is mixed with admiration for that devotion to the idea of survival which underlies their passivity.

The uninitiated reader will be able to enjoy certain parts of *The Nag*: a chapter, for instance, in which a student writes a letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (no doubt the League for the Rights of Man) protesting the brutality suffered by the nag and is then told in reply:

> Our men cannot commiserate with just any animal, indiscriminately. . . . Only after she has acquired all the distinctive traits of a trained horse will our Society espouse her cause and see to it that she is not molested.

But for most readers the absence of any sort of historical apparatus or introductory material will prove a severe handicap. The publisher has simply been irresponsible in failing to provide help to uninformed readers; at the very least he could have reprinted in English the excellent essay on *The Nag* by the Yiddish critic S. Niger.

Nor is the translation notably better. Mr. Spiegel writes in that patois, frequent among "professional" translators, which is sometimes called Translatese. The fundamental principle of this dialect is to use an "elevated" vocabulary. For Mr. Spiegel, people live in "abodes," dresses are "resplendent," women wear "raiment," chants are "mellifluous" and little people become "homunculi." Mr. Spiegel knows Yiddish very well, but unfortunately his translation makes clear that he has a very poor ear for the rhythms and idiom of the English language.

Even under the best of circumstances it would not be easy to make Mendele accessible to American readers; the thoughtlessness of the publisher and the clumsiness of the translator now make it virtually impossible. And that is really a pity, since Mendele can be a writer of great interest. Well, like the reputations of other and more famous foreign authors, his will have to continue to be taken on trust. What's good enough for the great Goethe will also have to do for our unpretentious and clever Mendele.

Notes on the Critics

LESLIE FIEDLER'S essay is drawn from his new book *An End to Innocence*, just published by Beacon Press. R. W. B. LEWIS teaches at Princeton. A professor at Brandeis University and the author of a book on Faulkner, IRVING HOWE is working on a book of critical essays.

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THEATRE

"WHY didn't you review *Bus Stop?*" I'm afraid William Inge's play at the Music Box left me speechless; I didn't know what to make of it. The stage bristled with talent. Kim Stanley turned in another of her fine characterizations of provincial girls, Elaine Stritch did just as well as the girl behind the lunch counter as she has done as the hard-boiled gal in musical comedy, Albert Salmi, playing a cowboy, emerged as one of the chief youthful talents in New York, and Phyllis Love as an adolescent made sure we noticed that hers is really the main part in the play, Harold Clurman's directing was not only superb in itself but especially welcome this particular season for its quiet thoughtfulness and modesty, Mr. Inge has contributed some of his best lines and also seems to have followed the advice given in the *NR* two years ago that he stay within the confines of good-natured, satirical comedy. Then why? Why did the laughter out front seem mechanical and vulgar? Why did the sentiment on stage seem remote and unimportant? At any particular moment the show is innocuous enough: why did the evening as a whole seem an expanse of nothingness? Is it just that Mr. Inge's harping on sex sex sex shocks me? (It does.) Mr. Inge's plays still seem to me, not realized drama but a homeless man's fantasies of home, an alienated man's fantasies of "belonging"—hence the curiously morbid insistence on healthy instinct.

The Playhouse is currently offering Leonard Bernstein's opera *Trouble in Tahiti* and Tennessee Williams' one-act play *27 Wagons Full of Cotton*. The opera has a good musical comedy number in it—a funny song about corny movies of the Orient—yet otherwise I feel tempted, not to criticize, but to ask how such a work ever came to be composed. The feelings in it are false; the energy forced; yet the author is a man of attainments. Did someone *compel* him to do this deed? There seems to be no dramatic or musical impulse behind it. As for the playlet, it is Williams at his best and worst: at his best in portraying another Southern girl (this one by no means identical with the others but a fat slob of a giggling gal), at his worst in portraying the two men of the cast (they are merely ideas—and, of course, nasty ideas). And the plot exemplifies that "abuse of the terrible," that unscrupulous exploitation of the obscene, which, in an essay in *The Avon Book of Modern Writing,* Mr. Hilton Kramer has shown to be the hallmark of the Bowles, McCullers, Williams school of literature. I would add to Mr. Kramer's statement that the success of this phenomenon in the theatre depends on the horror's not being received as the author presumably intended it to be. At the Playhouse, the mention of flagellation produces knowing chuckles, delighted gurgles, and even outright belly laughs. No wonder the director (Vincent Donahue) was in doubt what to do. The play had been tried out in New Orleans and found by many too repulsive. For New York, a lighter touch was advocated; the terrible was to be not so terrible. With the result that the sniggerers are encouraged in their sniggering, and that one of the actors, Myron McCormick, is not "with" the play but seems to wish to re-write it as a farce. On the other hand, Maureen Stapleton's performance of the best-written part justifies the whole occasion. To say she does it well is inadequate; she is the quintessence of Williamsism; her personality, her background, her training, and her talent combine to make her the perfect performer for the New Drama.

How pleasant to go from the fashionable psychopaths of Broadway's "serious" drama to the nice old-fashioned delinquents of *Guys and Dolls,* currently revived at the City Center. (If I begin to sound like J. Donald Adams, or even Cardinal Spellman, I should add that I don't care. By this time people are on the side of "daring frankness" only by force of habit. Because Zola, Ibsen, *et al.*, were daringly frank in order to liberate us, we have come to assume that daring frankness is, *per se,* liberating. And we are slow to admit being repelled by the repellent for fear someone will say that we are the ones that would have banned *Ulysses, etc.*) Anyway, *Guys and Dolls* is so glorious a piece of entertainment that it almost makes me fall down, like Mr. Inge, and worship solid, fleshy, low-brow America. One has to admit that as a piece of art it far surpasses Broadway's deliberate attempts at the artistic. The "serious" plays one sees give the impression of an art form dying on its feet. The only thought prompted by one I saw just the other day was: can this keep going for two hours? And even this query had so little life in it that I didn't stay to find out the answer. Plays! They start late, they end early, and two long intermissions offer poignant invitations to go home. Plays! A trickle of dialogue, the plot of a short story or a one-acter, a touch of dark lighting and a tinkle of sound effects for atmosphere, a sitting room or a back porch for spectacle! There is a Russian proverb, "where it is thin, it breaks." Dramaturgy, right now, is where the theatre is thin. But the musicals start early, end late, and have one intermission which often seems to be over before you can get to the men's room. The dialogue is seldom fine but often racy, there is enough plot for half a dozen plays, and the action goes ahead in great leaps and bounds from setting to setting, interior, exterior, New York, Havana, all points east or west. If you proposed to do in a "serious" play the things that are done all the time in a musical, half of them would be dismissed by your producer as impossible, the other half as arty and *avant-garde.* Under the latter head I'm not just thinking of musicals like *Allegro* in which *avant-garde* elements are consciously used but, for example, of the way in which a journey is indicated in *Guys and Dolls:* in the middle of the stage appears an illuminated sign FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS. Musical comedy is a very free form. You can try anything; and it will not be dismissed with remarks about Piscator and Germany in the 'twenties. You can try anything; and you *must* try many things. A musical is a veritable club-sandwich of a show with dances and songs between layers of dialogue-bread. I have in mind not only quantity but texture. "Make the gruel thick and slab." The musical is significantly American not because of its famous tempo, nor the mechanical efficiency that is the basis of that tempo, but rather because of its texture: here is the thick and slab gruel of American life, not the most delicate of dishes, but a nourishing and tasty one, served up by chefs with shrewd heads and open hearts, for all the world to relish.

ERIC BENTLEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Quemoy, Matsu and War

SIRS:

The article by Thomas K. Finletter in the April 11 issue of the *New Republic*, "Who Should Decide Formosa's Future?" has given the best presentation of the Formosan situation which I have seen. We are in a very precarious position, especially in regard to the islands of Matsu and Quemoy. Withdrawal would mean loss of morale for Chinese Nationalists, possible further encroachment by Communist China, perhaps a loss of prestige for us. But, the dreadful alternative, if we insist on the holding of the islands by the Nationalists, is global war. Under present circumstances, that war would have to be waged by the US without allied help.

Except for the one request made to the UN to secure a "cease fire" in the Formosa Straits, the US seems to have bypassed the UN. The settlement of the outstanding difficulties in that area should be put before the General Assembly. By unilateral action, the US may well have lost support of our Western allies, and of non-Communist peoples in Asia.

ETHEL OWEN MERRILL

Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

► The Minority View

SIRS:

I have been intending for some time to write you a note to thank you for the many fine issues of the *New Republic* which have been appearing in recent months. I have found your work on the issues of security, the H-bomb fallout articles and the Far East particularly valuable. It is a pleasure to read, oftentimes, the excellent "minority view" speeches and various statements, which the daily press has ignored.

EUGENIE ANDERSON

Red Wing, Minnesota

► A State of Insecurity

SIRS:

I have noted with interest the preponderance in your Correspondence columns of letters from readers bristling with indignation, whose aim is to challenge either the accuracy, importance, good sense or style of either an article or a letter previously published in the *New Republic*. Whether this preponderance of the critical as against the complimentary is the result of an editorial aversion to "positive thinking" or the well-known readiness of negative thinkers to write letters, I do not know.

I trust, however, that it will not be considered inappropriate for me to register my view, in your pages, that the article by Hans J. Morgenthau ("A State of Insecurity," *NR*, April 18) was the most thoughtful, detailed analysis of the defects of the present security program of the Department of State that I have yet read.

ALFRED LANSDALE

Washington, D. C.

BANDWAGON

THREE proposed Georgia textbooks will be withheld from an approved list for "further study" by a professional reviewing committee under a Monday ruling of the State Board of Education.

[One book] under fire [was] a song book *Together We Sing* . . . Board members were told the song book substituted "brothers" for "darkies" in Stephen Foster's song "Old Folks at Home."—*Atlanta Constitution*, April 12, 1955.

IF the Russians were to attack the 70 leading metropolitan complexes in America—Minneapolis-St. Paul being a complex—they would attack 92 cities containing 70 million Americans, but they would have attacked only 3 percent of the real estate of the United States.—*US News & World Report*, April 8, 1955.

RADIOACTIVITY in small amounts "actually may have beneficial effects on both plant and animal life," Gov. Ed C. Johnson of Colorado declared Friday.

Prairie dogs and badgers which have been burrowing in radioactive earth for generations are fat and thriving in his home county in northwest Colorado, Johnson said at a news conference.—*San Jose* (California) *Mercury-News*, April 10, 1955.

"SOMETIMES we get so involved in the minutiae of trying to see that they [school children] have a place to sit down, have competent teachers, see that the teachers get good pay, and that we have good textbooks that we don't have a chance to keep our eye on the ball, which is to see that folks are getting the very best we can help them have," said Commissioner of Education S. M. Brownell to 75 educators gathered here for a conference of elementary education supervisors.—*The Greenville* (S. C.) *News*, April 4, 1955.

DR. CHARLES MANNING CHILD, world-famous zoologist, died at Palo Alto Hospital after a long illness. He was 85. Dr. Childs . . . had published hundreds of manuscripts on the proposition that biological development is the result of normal processes of nature.—*The Houston* (Texas) *Post*, December 21, 1954.

THE *Progress* regrets publishing a typographical error which appeared in the news story on the April 6-7 edition, concerning Holy Week services at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, 1135 O'Farrell Street. A Cantata, not canasta, was held at the church at 7:45 p.m. on Good Friday.—*San Francisco Progress*, April 14-14, 1955.

DR. THEODORE HENRY PALMQUIST entered the ministry from the advertising field and has applied advertising techniques to the ministry. "I only changed the products that I advertise," he has said, "from things made by the hands of men to the things that make men."

Advertising men credit him with originating the famous slogan of Carnation milk—"Milk from Contented Cows."—*The Washington Post & Times-Herald*, April 14, 1955.

***Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.*—THE EDITORS.**

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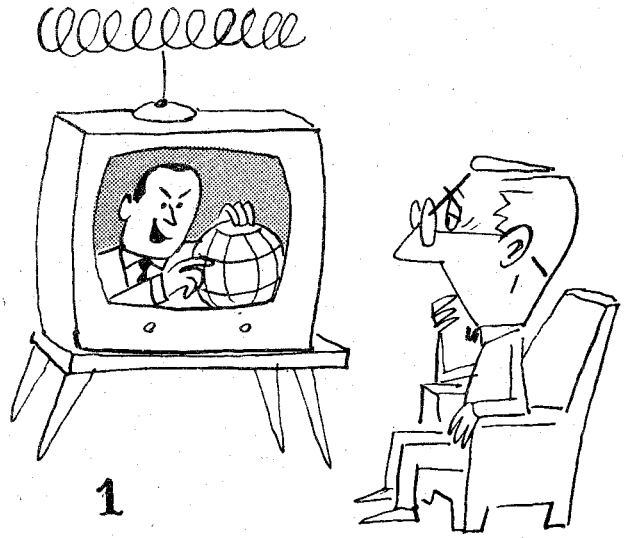

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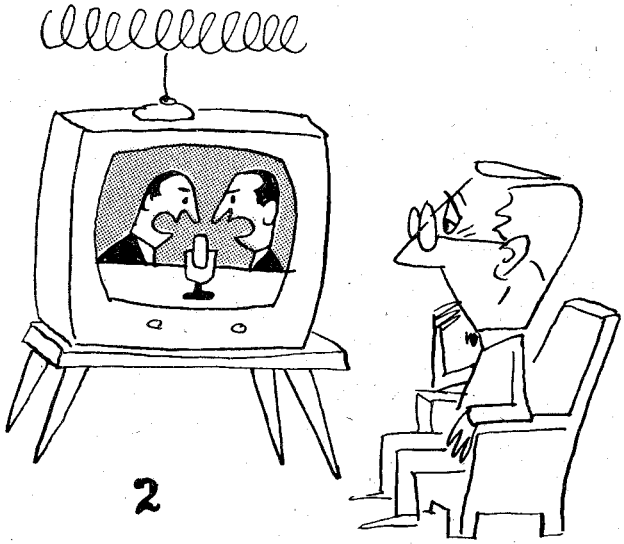

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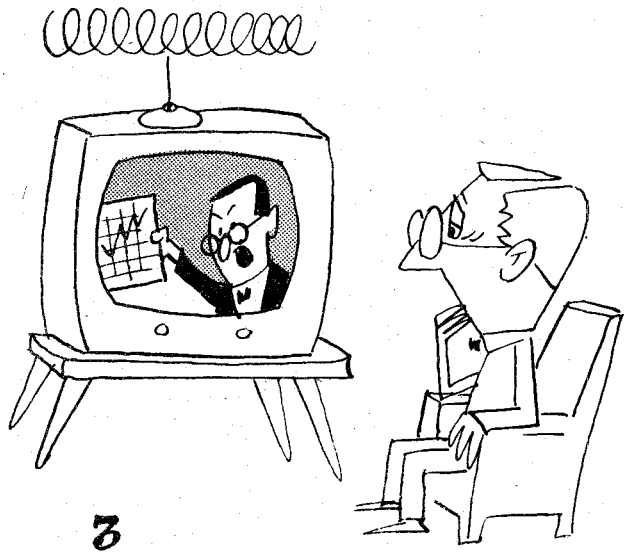

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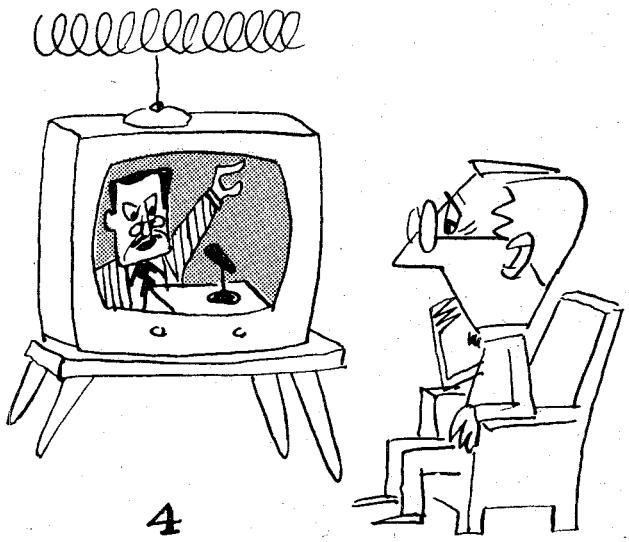

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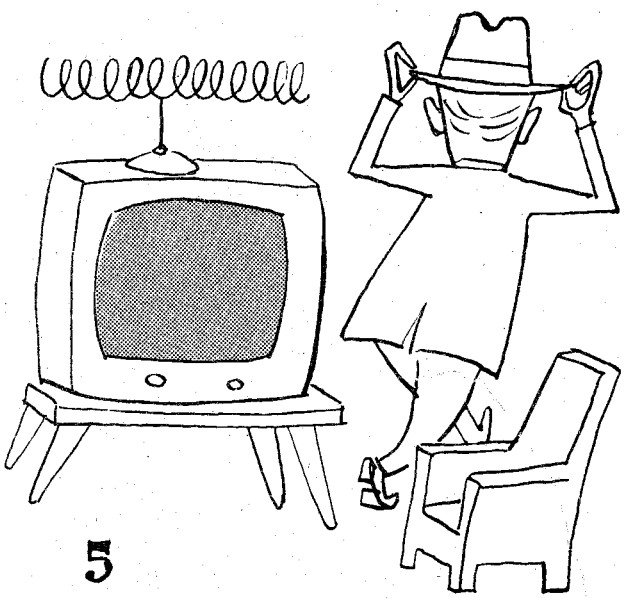

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